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## A Fayre Portion for a Fayre Mayd :

OR,

The thriftie Mayd of *Worstersheere*,  
Who liues at London for a Marke a yeare;  
This Marke was her old Mothers gift,  
Shce teacheth all Mayds how to shifte.

To the tune of, *Gramercy penny.*

**N**ow all my friends are dead and gone,  
alas what shall betide me,  
For I poor maid am left alone  
without a house to hide me :  
Yet still Ie be of merry chere,  
and haue kind welcoms euery where  
Though I haue but a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

I scozne to thinke of poverty,  
as wanting food or cloathing,  
Ie be maintayned gallantly,  
and all my life want nothing ;  
A frolicke minde Ie alwayes beare,  
my poverty shall not appeare,  
Though I haue but a marke a yeare;  
And that my mother gaue me.

Though I am but a silly Welch  
of countrey education,  
Yet I am too'd by Dutch and French,  
and almost euery nation :  
Both Spagiards and Italians sweare  
that with their hearts they loue me deare,  
Yet I haue but a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

The Welch the Irish and the Scoe,  
since I came to the Citie,  
In loue to me are wondrous hot,  
they tell me I am pretty :

Therefore to liue I will not feare,  
for I am sought with many a teare,  
Yet I haue but a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

This London is a gallant place  
to raise a Ladies fortune ;  
For I that came of simple race,  
byans Hoarers doe importune :  
I little thought in *Worstersheere*  
to find such high respectment here,  
For I haue but a Marke a yeare,  
and that my mother gaue me.

One giues to me perfum'd Gloues,  
the best that he can buy me,  
I know where I will I haue the laues  
of all that doe liue with me :  
If any new toyes I will weare,  
I haue them cost they ne're so deare,  
And this is for a marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

My fashions with the wome I change,  
as though I were a Lady,  
All quaint conceits, both new and strange,  
Ie haue as soone as may be ;  
Your courtly Ladies I can lere,  
In cloaths but few to me come nere,  
Yet I haue but a Marke a yeare,  
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## The second Part To the same Tune.



**F**rench gowns with sleeves like pudding,  
I have at my requesting:  
Now I forget my country rage,  
and scorne such plaine dwelling:  
My old acquaintance I cast off,  
and of my kin I hate to heare,  
Though I live but a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

My pretty coats of Scarlet & Blue,  
of Velvet, Silke and Battine:  
Some students oft my loue doe craue,  
that speake both Greeke and Latine,  
The Scholliers for me doe minde,  
and put the rest into great feare,  
All this is for a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

The Precisian sincerely tosse,  
and noth protest he loues me,  
He tires me out with lesand noes,  
and to impatience moues me:  
Although an oath he will not sweare,  
to lye at no time he doth feare,  
All this is for a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

My Coach drawn with four Flanders mares  
each day attends my pleasure,  
The Water-men will leaue their fares  
to waite vpon my leisure:  
Two Lackies labour euer by my side,  
and at my word run faste and nide,  
Though I haue but a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

I th pleasant place the suburbs yeilds,  
my lodging is prepared:  
I can walke forth into the fields,  
where beauties all are ayd:

When Gentleman doe spy me there,  
some compliments I'me sure to heare,  
Though I haue but a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

So as my friends were liuing still,  
I would them all abandon,  
Though I confesse they lou'd me well,  
yet I so like of London,  
That farewell I'd aduance my deare,  
and all my friends in Worstershire:  
I live well with a Marke a yeare,  
Which my old mother gaue me.

I would my sister Sue at home,  
knew how I live in fashion,  
That she might up to London come  
to learne this occupation:  
For I lide like a Lady here,  
I weare good cloaths and eate good cheere,  
Yet I haue but a Marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gaue me.

How blessed be that happy day  
that I came to the Citie:  
And for the Carrier will I pray,  
before I end my Ditty.  
You Gentlemen that this Ditty heare,  
though meanes be short yet neuer feare,  
For I live with a Marke a yeare,  
Which my old mother gaue me.

FINIS.

M. P.

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